

The Loyal SOLDIERS OF FLANDERS.

A New SONG, made by a Protestant Centinel of the
English Forces.

To an Excellent New Tune, much in Request.



As I was at a Merry Meeting,
Being in a merry vein;
Where I heard a Soldier Singing,
True Blew will never stain.

I have been in France and Flanders,
Where I have seen great numbers slain,
Colonels, Captains, chief Commanders,
True Blew, &c.

Last Summer it was Dirty Weather,
We march'd through Corn with all our train
We march'd and fought two days together
True Blew will never stain.

At Wallcor we had a Battle,
for five hours it did remain,
The English made the Guns to Rattle,
True Blew will never stain.

Little else but Smoak and Fire,
could we see all round the Plain;
Yet we made the French Retire,
True Blew, &c.

At Charleroy our Cannons Roared,
and our Bullets flew amain;
We lay'd the Frenchmen in their Gore,
True Blew will never stain.



Not a Soldier feared Dying,
though some thousands there lay slain;
Shot as thick as Hail was flying,
True Blew will never stain.

At length some of our men was wounded,
ape, and other some was slain;
This at all we never valu'd,
True Blew, &c.

Under the Surgeons hand we carry'd,
till our Wounds was heal'd again;
Brave Noble English hearts we carry'd,
True Blew, &c.

My Captain was a Prisoner taken,
and our Lieutenant-Colonel slain;
Yet we'd ne'er fight against our Conscience
True Blew, &c.

He that strikes, he may be stricken,
he that fights, he may be slain;
He that's beaten, is is not eaten,
True Blew will never stain.

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While we in a Land of Strangers
did in Camp or field remain,
We were still beset with Dangers,
True Blew will never stain.

'Tis the Wars that we delight in,
and a Cowards name disdain;
English Boys the best for fighting,
True Blew, &c.

Let not one despise a Soldier,
for he does our Rights maintain,
Proving still the Lands upholder,
True Blew, &c.

Thus we have been all Europe over,
Englands Honour to maintain,
And now we're set a shore at Dover,
True Blew, &c.

For King William and Queen Mary,
it need be, we'll fight again,
The mean while Boys, let's be Merry,
True Blew will never stain.

